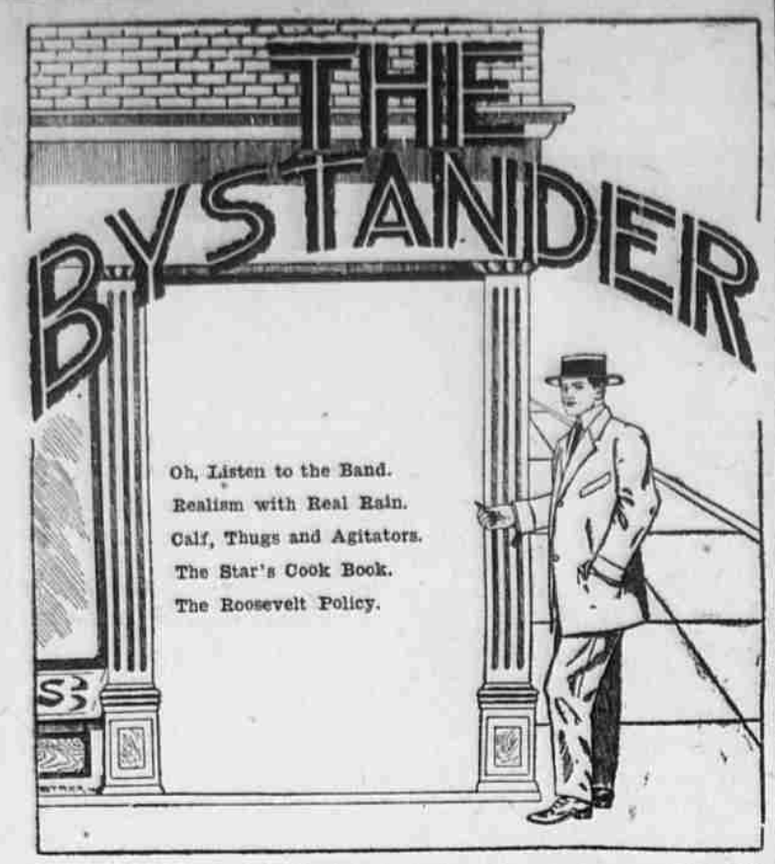

The triple-lunged vivisectionist who tortures the cornet every night at the rink is, I firmly believe, responsible for most of the crime committed after dark in the business section. The other night I hired an itinerant peddler and kept him in my shop filing a saw, in an effort to forget that omnipotent cornet. Why doesn't he give the rest of the band a show, anyhow?

It may be that "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" adds to the gladness of the glad fantastic at the rink, but I prefer even the brand of Sweet-By-and-By with which the Salvation Army man, proudly blowing on a cornet with a bubble in it, affronts high heaven.

If you do not understand the foregoing, visit the business district of Honolulu after the shades of night have fallen fast and the skating rink has begun business. It may be that elsewhere there are bad bands and criminal cornet-players. It may be that in other climes musicians are allowed to torture trade winds with noises which would disgrace a pig caught in a gate, but if there is any place on this whirling pilikia ball called Earth where a porcine entangled in a fence can do worse than the skating rink performer does, then I say that such place is that unmentionable region towards which sinners like me are bound and for which I qualify myself anew by sins of language every time that cornet starts. I don't mind a cornet, if it is thoroughly disguised or drowned by instruments of music. Of late I have been busy and have had to work nights. I find that the entire business district rings with cornet variations of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "Don't Take Me Home," or some other Miltonian verse set to alleged music.

Deep in our hearts we all feel that in the Eternal Fitness of things, somehow the punishment will be made to suit the crime. Ergo, there is somewhere an eternal Halemaumau for that indefatigable human bellows at the rink. Q. E. D.

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Once upon a time, according to the gospel of Mark Twain in his Tramp Abroad, the mad King of Bavaria attended a private performance given for him of an opera. One scene required a simulated rainstorm. The king was so pleased with the singing and the climax that he encored it and then asked for real rain. The manager protested that it was impossible, but the king insisted and told him to turn on the water through the fire pipes over the stage. The pipes were perforated, and when the water was turned on it came down as if from a great sieve. The singers sang while they were drenched from head to foot, and the king was pleased, but the stage and the costumes were ruined, and the singers developed acute cases of pneumonia.

Few people in the operahouse audiences who saw David Harum presented by the McRae company recently realized that realism was carried out as far as possible when the balky horse stood out in a supposed rainstorm. Although it was not rain that was provided by the energetic property men, it was the next thing to it. It was water which drizzled down from above from perforated pipes, and care had been taken to get real rain water for the occasion. The stage got wet somewhat, but the audience was treated to a bit of realism that was rather daring for local stagework. The horse, however, was not a real one. It was the wooden horse which has often been seen in the window of a down-town harnessmaker, and there "it stood without hitching."

The McRae company seems to have selected plays which require dining scenes in a number of instances. The company does not do any "fake" eating. They have the real thing. Hot pancakes and hot coffee are placed on the table, just fresh from the nearest restaurant, and often the coffee is served steaming hot, while real butter melts on the griddle cakes. In one play where wine is supposed to be served, and actors under such circumstances are generally served with colored water or ginger ale, real champagne was opened up, and there was real enthusiasm on the part of the player folk when it came to quaffing the liquid. When beer is wanted, the property man generally orders a case or two, but when whisky is required, coca cola, which has the same appearance as whisky, takes its place, and the company is said to like the substitution.

In the matter of cigars, the "props" are generally good ones. The actors have their preferences, and the property man does not often ascertain this fact. The property man recently had a list of "props" to beg, borrow or steal about as long as himself, and among the items were cigars. He decided that under instructions to be as economical as possible, economically-priced cigars should be purchased. He purchased a box of cheap cigars and distributed them among the actors as per instructions. After the show the property man was sought by the heavy and asked why he had tried to kill him off?

"Don't you know my favorite brand of cigars?" he asked with a stage frown. The brand was whispered, and the next evening all the actors who had to have cigars while on the stage smoked three-for-a-quarter perfectos.

When "The Three of Us" was staged, wagonloads of "props" had to be secured. The prop man scoured the whole town for Indian blankets, antlers, Indian baskets, and other similar stuff. Attorney Frank Thompson, it is said, gladly disturbed the picturesque setting of his apartments to turn over Indian blankets, and the Elks contributed antlers.

Occasionally there are odd mistakes on the part of the player folk, and sometimes the prop man forgets to place a prop item where the actor expects to find it when his cue is given, and then it becomes the most important part of the stage furnishings. A misplaced newspaper, supposed to be on a table when an actor reaches for it, throws the dialogue out of joint, as it did recently in one of the McRae productions; or a watch fob, supposed to be on a certain part of the stage floor, and not there when an actress reaches for it, or an envelope without a piece of paper within, when it is believed to be safely reposing there and representing some one's check for a million dollars—all these things have their influence on the play, requiring the player to "fake" lines in order to straighten out the tangle.

The other evening, when "Brown of Harvard" was on, a revolver had to be used. Just before the curtain went up a request was made for a revolver with blank cartridges. A revolver was found, but when the blank cartridges were tried in the chambers they were too large. The revolver was a necessity in the scene. The immediate vicinity of the theater was scoured by a prop man and a revolver and ball cartridges found. The cartridges were taken to a shop, where the bullets were extracted, and just when the revolver had to be used on the stage by one of the actors, it was deliverd to him by a panting prop man.

There are a thousand and one features of life behind the curtain which the audience little realizes as it sits in luxury on the other side. Days before the curtain goes up and the stage is seen in orderly condition, typewritten lists of the "props" necessary to fill each scene have been prepared, and busy property men have done hard hustling looking for the right articles. They come from private homes, furniture houses, stationery stores, hardware firms, dry goods houses, and clubs, and no sooner is one list finished than new props have to be secured and the former ones returned to their owners.

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The most prominently displayed item in last night's Bulletin was a letter from jail attempting to deny some statements in The Advertiser. The statements made in The Advertiser were true. They were to the effect that the Japanese strike leaders now in jail because in leading their late strike they became guilty of criminal conspiracy, were still in touch with those who may strike again. It is, of course, apparent to any person of ordinary common sense that, being in a jail where they are allowed to receive callers, they must be in touch with the labor agitators who are planning further strikes. If not, they have deserted their colors. The reason for the very strenuous denial is simply that they fear that they will be put under a stricter regimen and allowed less liberty to see callers, if it is thought that they may be planning more pilikia. In the mean time, isn't it delightful to see the Bulletin making its main feature a signed communication from the "thugs and agitators"?

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The Star is running a United States cook book, in installments. It was written by some barren chief or other, who presumably draws down a salary from the public treasury. Small as my knowledge of culinary affairs is, I know most of the things I have so far seen in this federal cook book. For example the fact that one's meat bill may be reduced by saving fat meat had occurred to me long before this federal official put it in print. I had also anticipated his discovery that if meat scraps were carefully saved and made use of, they would reduce the amount of other meat necessary. The fact that heat was needed for cooking was also familiar to me before this government expert put it into an official document. Reading on farther, I discovered his opinion that if in the making of a meat pie raw meat is used, longer cooking is necessary than if cooked meat is used. This, again, confirmed my own views. Let the good work go on. I should like to go to Washington and dig up the senator who is responsible for giving the author of this cook book his job. That senator is an artist in his line. A friend like that is worth having.

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I am not a betting man, but I would like to lay a wager that Teddy Roosevelt will advocate antimilitarism in Germany and be a howling advocate of the house of lords when he strikes the banks and braes of bonny Doone. He will be at The Hague this week; look out for some stirring sentences concerning the beauties of war and the idiocy of mollycoddlers who would settle international disputes by arbitration.

Our Only Hero, hailed by the French press as the Greatest Man in the World, is a wonder when it comes to selecting as speech topics what will attract the greatest attention. I can imagine him mapping out his whole course of procedure for his European trip while he lay awake nights fighting the tsetse flies. He knew that the greatest sensation he could make when he emerged from the jungle would be to decline to talk for publication. Such, he knew, would strike his countrymen as amazingly as Fairbanks going on a toot or Taft turning handsprings down Pennsylvania avenue. People expected him to talk; ergo, he would keep quiet. In Egypt, where the British conquerors are unpopular with the Egptian students, he would tell the students that they must kiss the hand that smites them. In Rome, he could go Fairbanks one better and row, not only with the Pope but the Methodists as well. What went wrong with his plans at Vienna and Budapest is not known. Probably the reporters there are not on to their jobs and missed the points, but he had it properly fixed up for France. There, where the birthrate is the lowest in Europe, he proceeded to bite figurative chunks out of any people guilty of race suicide. Then, turning to the press gallery, filled with the writers for the French press and the French magazines, in which obscenities take the place of wit, he solemnly spoke of the duty of the scribes to work for the ethical development of mankind.

"Locate the man's corn and jump on it," is the Roosevelt motto. He knows the others like to see the squirming.

CARL SMITH TO BE POLITICAL MANAGER IN HAWAII COUNTY

JUDGE CARL SMITH.

HILO, April 23.—At a meeting of the county committee of the Republican party, held last night, Carl S. Smith, the local attorney, was elected manager of the preliminary campaign. This means, in all probability, that he will manage the entire campaign for the Republicans of Hawaii, but the present county committee has only authority to act until the convention, when a new committee will be chosen.

Mr. Smith's title is that of assistant secretary of the county committee, following the plan which has been taken up by the territorial committee in Honolulu, where Lorrin Andrews was given the same title as manager of the territorial campaign. The vote by which Mr. Smith was elected was a unanimous one.

The Hawaiian Herald of April 21 says:

The meeting of the Republican county committee, held Tuesday evening, took up some interesting matters and was finally adjourned till tomorrow night in order to grant certain members time to investigate the situation. The bone of contention was the selection of a campaign manager, to be known as the assistant secretary of the county committee. The name of Carl Smith was the only one brought before the meeting, there having been one other name mentioned outside, but withdrawn before the meeting took place.

When the subject was first brought up there was rather a sharp discussion and several members of the committee made strenuous objection to taking any action at the time, claiming that the appointment of Smith was being railroaded through without giving the members of the committee a chance to consider other names. Other members wanted immediate action, but the former carried the day and action was postponed till Friday.

It seems certain that there will be no lack of candidates for the positions of supervisors of North and South Hilo on the Republican ticket from the present indications, and no one has the faintest idea of what the ultimate result will be. Among those who have declared their intention of making a fight for the position are John Ross, John Bohnenberg, Otto Rose, A. M. Cabrinha. It is also said that J. T. Moir is ready to hold down the lid for a second term if the convention should look his way. Hawaiian candidates are as yet scarce, though they will probably be heard from in the near future. The general opinion seems to be that it would be well if a busines man should be a candidate from Hilo, but the selection of the running mate, who must be a Hawaiian, is a matter of the utmost importance.

For county clerk the suggestion of the name of Earl Williams, which was made by National Committeeman Holstein, has been very coldly received, not on account of any feeling against Williams, who is very well liked, but on account of the fact that his age, twenty-two years, makes him hardly fitted for a candidate for such an important office. As a result, the suggestion did little except to cause comment by those interested. Williams is working in the office of the county attorney at present.

For the sheriffship there seems to be no candidate in the open at present outside of the incumbent, Sam Pua. There is talk to the effect that Antone Fernandez of Hamakua would take the nomination of it was offered to him, but strong pressure is being brought to bear to keep him in his present position as a member of the board of supervisors, where he has made an exceptionally good member.

For county treasurer, Swain's name is again being mentioned as the opponent for Lalakea, and another rumor has sprung up that Stephen Desha, the present supervisor, would have the best chance of any man in the country to carry the ticket through to victory for this office. Desha has made no statement on the subject, the suggestion probably never having reached his ears.

For county attorney, W. H. Beers seems fairly sure of the nomination at present, though it is recognized that he will have a hard fight on his hands should Harry Irwin accept the Democratic nomination again. It is hardly thought that he will do so, however, as in the past two years his practise has increased to such a degree that the salary would hardly pay him for what he would lose.

HIDDEN DANGERS

Nature Gives Timely Warnings That No Honolulu Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

DANGER SIGNAL NO 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Weak kidneys excrete a sickly amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, red, ill-smelling urine, full of sediment and irregular of passage.

DANGER SIGNAL NO 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Here is the best of proof:

Red Rosenhorst, merchant, Main St., Independence, Ore., says: "For ten years I was troubled by attacks of kidney complaint and finally became so bad off that I was forced to walk in a stooped position. My kidneys were disordered and on account of too frequent passages of the secretions, I was obliged to arise during the night. Often I had to sit up, being unable to lie comfortably in any position. My limbs became swollen and there was a puffiness beneath my eyes. I doctored and tried everything that was brought to my notice, but received no relief until I began using Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. They helped me from the first and I am today free from kidney complaint. I believe there is nothing as effective as Doan's Backache Kidney Pills in curing this trouble."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and storekeepers at 50 cents per box (six boxes $2.50) or will be mailed on receipt of price by the Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHER BLUFFEM

He Interviews the Shepherd From Wyoming

"Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep
"And didn't know where to find 'em.
"Let them alone and they'll come home
"Dragging their tails behind 'em."

I heard somebody singing the classic nursery rhyme as I steered around the corner of the postoffice to get my two patent medicine circulars and a bunch of bills payable, and I looked about me to see who was guilty.

I saw him almost immediately and recognized him, even though he was not armed with a crook—whatever a crook may be except a grafter or second-story man. As a matter of fact, he was armed with a broom, and was busily engaged in sweeping off the postoffice veranda. Something about him suggested sheep, and, first making up my mind firmly that he should not pull the wool over my eyes, I accosted him.

"Beg pardon," I said politely, "but are you the janitor?"

"No," he replied, absently, without looking up, "I'm a sheep herder from Wyoming."

"Huh?" I ejaculated, impolitely.

"Oh,—er,—what did I say?" he said, with a startled air."

"You said something about fleecing the public," I prevaricated.

"Well, I didn't mean it quite that way," he said apologetically. "I'm the postmaster. Can't you find your mail?"

"I don't want it," I replied. "If I got it, I might have to pay my bills. I'm Josher Bluffem. I want to interview you."

"Have you got the consent of the Wyoming delegation in congress?" he inquired with an absent-minded air.

"No. What for?" I returned in some astonishment.

"Why, didn't you know now," he said—"this postoffice belongs to Wyoming. I'm from Wyoming myself. So's Breckons. Hawaii is a sort of Wyoming preserve, you know."

I didn't, but took it for what it was worth. I have since found out that he was right.

"How do you like postmastering?" I asked.

"Oh, I stand it all right," replied the postmaster, stopping to pick up a piece of string, which he carefully wound around his finger. "You see, I used to herd sheep in Wyoming, so I'm used to being sworn at."

"How did you get your job?" I asked.

"Well, you see, the cattlemen got pretty thick in Wyoming, and I got tired of dodging bullets and escaping lynching bees, so I applied for a federal job, and some of the cattlemen got our congressman to have me appointed postmaster down here to get me out of the way."

A postoffice clerk interrupted our interesting conversation to announce that there was a steamer off Koko Head with mail.

The postmaster stooped down to pick up a pin dropped by some agitated lady, before he said anything. He considered a minute.

"We-e-ll," he drawled, "it's nearly four o'clock now. I guess we'd better let the mail go until tomorrow. The public can wait. It's used to waiting, you know. What's the hurry, anyhow? Isn't a letter tomorrow just as good as a letter today?"

The postmaster resumed his sweeping and his absent-minded air.

"What is your chief claim to glory, Mr Pratt?" I asked, seeking to get a little real information.

"Why,—er, didn't you know?" he said, starting out of his reverie. "Bonine took my picture while I was shearing sheep at Humuula. Say, you didn't know that I'm an expert sheepshearer, did you? Well, I am. I can shear sheep much better than I can run a postoffice. But that's not saying much. Most anybody can run a postoffice, but it takes a good man to remove the wool from a sheep. The sheep is sometimes particular; the public will stand for anything.

"Of course, the public kicks sometimes. I remember that Governor Frear objected once because we advertised a letter for him, but I think he was unreasonable. The postman had never heard of Walter F. Frear, and I don't know why he should be expected to know everybody in Honolulu. Why, one time we had to advertise a letter for the editor of the Bulletin because the writer had forgotten to put the street number on it and none of the boys knew where the office was. We did the best we could, sent the letter to the stockyards and the slaughterhouse, but it always came back, so we advertised it." The postmaster carefully picked up a piece of paper somebody had dropped and then resumed his sweeping.

"Do you like being postmaster?" I asked.

"Well, there's more money in it, but I prefer herding sheep in Wyoming. I like solitude. A sheepherder has more time to commune with his soul. Soul communion is my long suit, you know."

While we were talking an indignant citizen rushed up and wanted to know why the ——, ——, —— blazes a letter he had sent to a local man a week before had not been delivered.

I was greatly impressed by the philosophical bearing of the postmaster at this trying juncture.

"Say," he drawled, "there's nothing to get excited over, is there? Your letter will turn up some time; they almost always do. And there's lots of time, isn't there. You've got all the time there is, so just keep cool. I'll tell the clerks to look about the office, and maybe they'll find it somewhere. If they don't, you can write another letter, can't you?"

The indignant citizen excitedly explained that the lost letter had contained much money.

"Serves you right for sending money through the mails," replied the postmaster calmly. "You'll be sending scurrilous matter through the mails next, and then Mr. Hare will get you and turn you over to Mr. Breckons. Breckons comes from the same foreign country I do, Wyoming, and he'll attend to your case. Goodbye."

The indignant citizen, thoroughly squelched, fled through the dust raised by the active broom of the postmaster, and I resumed my questioning.

"What are the qualifications necessary to get a federal job in Hawaii?" I asked.

"Why, one must come from Wyoming, of course!" said Pratt. "What would you suppose? Didn't I come from Wyoming? Didn't Breckons come from Wyoming? Did you come from Wyoming?"

I was forced to admit that I had never been in Wyoming any longer than I could help and that I didn't like mutton, anyway. That seemed to aggrieve Pratt, and he resumed his sweeping with such vigor that three anxious citizens nearly choked to death, and I had to flee the scene of action.

Small Talks

JOE FERN—Certainly I'll serve another term.

GEORGE MARKHAM—I am going to write some articles for The Advertiser that will open the prohibitionists' eyes.

JACK M'FADDEN—A girl in San Francisco turned down a fellow that looks like me. Now, what do you know about that?

PROFESSOR DONAGHHO—Scientists are able to calculate the weight of the comet closer than your butcher can weigh out a roast on his scales.

LOUIS MORRISON—Some people in Honolulu think Louis Morrison, of Mephistopheles fame, is my father and some don't. I'm not saying anything about it.

JIM DOUGHERTY—If the Empire isn't crowded to the doors on Tuesday night it will not be my fault. I have prepared a bill that never was equaled in the city.

EDITOR ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT—We are adverse to unhappy allusions, even amongst journalists. It is an un-Christian and uncharitable spirit, and causes at least, a jar.

CLARENCE WATERMAN—Wait until you hear me on the platform during the coming campaign. The public will hear something to the point, although I'm not an orator.

JOHN M. MARTIN—I must say I am disappointed in Grace for deserting my congregation at the prison. When he comes back I will put him on six months' probation, according to the Methodist rules.

CAPTAIN BERGER—Ja, today vass Judge's Dole's geburtstag, und we serenaded his house. Judge Dole vass not dere, but we serenaded just the same. We serenade the Emperor on his geburtstag, und he vasn't here.

Cadster—At Mrs. Toogood's lemonade party did you notice the gallant's dying to please her young lady guests? Bounder—I saw a lot of men dying for a highball.

Blue—Short stories seem quite the thing just now. He—I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet stops and tells me how short he is.—Boston Transcript.